

Brazil.

truded below the coat. They eyed it carefully from head ⁶⁰⁹ to foot, riveting their gaze for a moment on the feet, then slyly opened the hood a little to peer in; and when they saw the physiognomy of their savage brother with nearly all the paint wore off, grinning at them from away back in the dark, they were highly amused.

A Karayá village we visited near the mouth of the Rio das ³⁶¹ Mortes—River of the Deaths—is so remote and out of touch ^[91] with civilization that the inhabitants understand scarcely anything of the Brazilian language. Nor are they cordial to ⁶⁰⁹ strangers, regarding them, instead, with suspicion, for the ^[92] reason that they are subject to attacks by the Chavante Indians who live up the Rio das Mortes. While we were ¹²³ calling here, one of the women sought to obtain a shirt from ^[91] me for her young son. To make me understand what she ^[201] wanted, she used the sign language, imitating one's movements when a mosquito bites one on the shoulder and he crushes it, the drawing on of a shirt, and the feeling of contentment that "mosquito no bite more."

My umbrella aroused the curiosity of the savages wherever we went. Knowing that it opened somehow, one of them took it once and stood it point downward, apparently expecting it to open. As it did not do so, he passed it to me to show him and his companions how it worked. As I opened it suddenly and it spread its wings, like some old, black goblin about to fly on an evil errand, the women uttered a low scream of fear and surprise. They often felt of my linen coat and trousers, and my shirt, then made signs to me that these articles were very good to protect one from the flies and mosquitoes. They evidently thought that this was my only reason for wearing clothes. They also fingered my hat and boots, and pulled my mustache to ascertain if it were real, or false, and gazed at me as I wrote my journals for writing was a mystery to them. To many of them I was a freak well worth going a long way to see.

The Christmas season occurred while we were in the sav- ⁸⁰⁰ age world of the Araguaya. What an extraordinary Christ-